# "Under the Shadow of the Almighty"

By MRS. EDWARD B. KENNEDY

This little booklet is sent forth as an "offering unto the Lord" and as a testimony unto Him to "show forth His faithfulness."

Copies may be secured from Mrs. E. B. Kennedy, in care of The Great Commission Prayer League, 808 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

# *An Introductory Word*

**By the Great Commission Prayer League**

*EVERY PASTOR and Christian worker and missionary should be given the opportunity to read this booklet.* The record of God's unchanging faithfulness will encourage His children who have been or are passing through "deep waters."

The author, Mrs. Edward B. Kennedy, has long been one of our special prayer helpers. Again and again she and her husband have "come to the help of the Lord" by day and night praying exceedingly for the many requests for prayer that come to us from burdened hearts.

One of Satan's means of attack is through doubt—through unbelief. Oh, that every one who reads this booklet may be able to say with full assurance of faith:

> "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and *MY DELIVERER;* The God of my rock; in Him will I trust, He is my shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my refuge, my Saviour; *Thou savest me from violence*" (II. Sam. 22:2-3).

# *Under the Shadow of the Almighty*

THE LONG VOYAGE was nearing its end. For days our stately ship had steamed its way steadily over the blue waters of the Pacific, sometimes gliding along as lightly as a bird, and then again ploughing heavily through stormy seas, leaving a deep furrow in the blue waters.

We had passed Japan and its beautiful Island Sea, and were now tossing in the muddy waters of the Yellow Sea at the mouth of the great river Yangtse. In the near distance a dim line appeared on the horizon. It was not the familiar line of sky and water meeting. It was land, yes, the land of Sinim. It was China where we were to spend the remainder of our lives.

Eagerly we watched the scenes about us as we approached the mainland. Huge vessels of every type, flying flags of almost every nation, floated at anchor near us. Innumerable small craft—fishing vessels—dotted the waters as far as the eye could see. As the ship's tender proceeded up the Whangpoo River and neared the city of Shanghai, on either shore warehouses and other foreign-built buildings came into view. The people to whom we were going might not know our God, but they were civilized—that was everywhere in evidence. At last the foreign settlement with its famous "bund" lay before us. Our journey was over. We were in China. Taking rickshaws we were presently speeding quietly up the streets of this strange city. I looked about on every side, scarcely able to realize that it was indeed I myself who was in this ancient land.

## THE SURRENDER

In my youth I faced a life of invalidism. By the time I was twenty-one years of age "writer's paralysis" had so spread throughout my body that only my right limb remained normal. The specialist's verdict was: "Get her crutches and a wheel chair." In my extremity I cried to God. Others were praying too. One night after two weeks spent in prayer the Lord met me. Though I saw no form, nor did I hear a voice, yet I was as conscious of His presence as though I saw and heard Him. My life was laid at His feet. All my time, my talents, my service, my thoughts were to be His, if He would restore to health others of my family who were ill, and keep me from becoming helpless. Like Jacob, I had said, "If God will . . . then I will." It was the consecration of a young, untried heart, but it was a real consecration. God, who "in all their affliction was afflicted," that night stretched out His hand, and we were all restored to health. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases."

## THE MISSION FIELD

Everything went on very smoothly for several years, and then, strange as it may seem, I all but forgot my consecration and made plans of my own. But "God is faithful"—He did not forget. By strong cords He drew me, and the life that had been promised Him was again yielded to His hands, but not with the sweetness and freshness of the former surrender. However, there was in my heart a fixed purpose to obey God, and as a result within a few years I found myself in China as the wife of a missionary.

My time was much occupied with home duties. We had taken out with us a son a year old; the following year a little

daughter had come to bless our home, and later another son. My Chinese teacher came every day from nine to eleven. Sometimes during the lesson there was one baby on my knee, and often two; the children were my first care. But in one way or another the Chinese lessons were kept up, and little by little I was, with God's help, acquiring the use of this difficult language. Thus more than three years passed. Meantime, our associates in the mission had returned home on furlough leaving us alone.

## ON NO MAN'S FOUNDATION

Early in 1903, three men from an out-of-the-way place in an adjoining province came to our chapel in Shanghai. They had obtained certain tracts published by the mission, and had come to enquire further. By arrangement two helpers followed them on their return to make an itinerary throughout the region where they said there was already an awakening. This was the beginning of the evangelization of a region in the hills of Chekiang, lying beyond the reach of the missions then at work in this province. Except for the activities of the Roman Catholic Church it was unevangelized.

The people were unusually illiterate. The opium den was in evidence everywhere with its consequent poverty and crime and exacted an unusually heavy toll from the poor people. Robberies were frequent, especially at the New Year season, travel was dangerous, and wealth insecure. Robber bands of desperate characters, recruited in the opium dens, were ready for a price to raid the homes of the wealthy. The gentry, the shopkeeper and the common people alike stood in perpetual terror.

## THE DEMAND FOR THE GOSPEL

The interest begun in this way, and kept alive through the occasional visits of native

helpers, continued until the demand for the "foreigner" to come to their help became imperative. Few could read, and some were asking to be taught the Romanized colloquial, that they might read their New Testament and hymn book. Certain opium smokers had begun to hope for freedom through the mighty name of Jesus. The sick were asking to be taught and prayed with for healing. Others wanted to know the way of salvation more perfectly. In proof of their sincerity and determination to have a Gospel work established among them, the people themselves had provided a large farmhouse as a meeting place. This building was suitable both for a church and for a school, and possessed besides facilities for the housing of those who hoped to be gathered together for instruction and help.

## OFF TO THE HILLS OF CHEKIANG

Two days before Chinese New Year, 1905, Mr. Kennedy set out from Shanghai in company with a man familiar with this hill region. Their purpose was to go over the field rapidly, and to arrange for a forty-day school session, which would close in time for the farmers to return to their homes before the work of early spring. The first lap of the journey was by steam launch to Hangchow, taking a night and a day. Awakening on the morning of the second day, they found their housebcat anchored at a village ninety li (thirty miles) from their destination. Their journey by water had come to an end. Letters had been sent on ahead to acquaint the people with their coming; consequently several men were on hand at this village to accompany them back into the hills. With a tramp of thirty miles before them, they partook of a hasty breakfast, and, after a few hurried preparations, were on the road.

## WARNINGS

As the party neared the first walled city, where the local magistrate lived, one of the countrymen proposed that Mr. Kennedy go to the yamen and ask for a guard of soldiers. Seeing no reason, however, for such precaution, Mr. Kennedy declined. Besides, he reasoned, how could he go into the country guarded by soldiers, and then expect those who hearkened to the Gospel message to look to God, and to Him only, in all the vicissitudes that fall to the lot of native Christians? As they went on their way it became evident from their conversation and conduct that these men were genuinely afraid. On passing a certain point, one said, "A man was robbed here two days ago." At another turn in the road, a second exclaimed, "Last year a man was robbed here." Then, as the men, now thoroughly weary, climbed the last summit of their mountain path, and rested themselves before making the steep descent, another spoke up: "Robbers killed a man here." But all this had been as idle talk to the missionary. The thought that he—a foreigner—was in any danger from the desperate characters that were in such evidence, was not for one moment entertained. There was earnest work to do. The days were full of toil and responsibility, and tales of robber doings passed out of mind. There were journeys to be taken throughout the villages and hamlets to make the acquaintance of the Christians and enquirers, and consult with them over the details of the long-promised school session. This done, the old farmhouse had to be thoroughly cleaned, repaired and put in order. The day for the opening found Mr. Kennedy established in an upper room in one corner of the roomy building.

## THE MISTAKE?

Meanwhile I was busy in Shanghai with my children and household duties, studying the

language, and assisting in the care of the local chapel. A month passed, when a letter came from my husband asking for supplies. Two boxes were made ready containing Bibles, Testaments, tracts, hymn books and provisions; also a small sum of money. For convenience in passing the native customs en route, I was instructed to have the contents written plainly on the outside of each package. Thus the word "money," written in plain everyday Chinese characters for all eyes to see appeared on one box. The bearer who was sent down to the boat-landing for the supplies read the labels, and not knowing that the box hid only a trifling sum of money, became concerned for his own personal safety. Therefore, in passing the magistrate's residence, he called in, exhibited his strange-looking boxes, called attention to their contents, and asked for a guard of soldiers to protect the "foreign teacher's" goods. The sight of a man hustling along with a foreign-made box swinging from either end of his bamboo carrying-pole, and with a soldier escort, naturally enough caught the eye of the simple-minded country people who passed him on the way.

## A GLIMPSE OF NATIVE LIFE

The tea-shop is China's congregating place, be it village, or town, or city, and like the net that is cast into the sea, it "gathers of every kind." As our panting, perspiring bearer shifted his load at this wayside resting place, caught his breath and mopped the perspiration from his face, he, with his soldier escort, was the center of all eyes. While he sipped his tea among the noisy comers and goers, and snatched a whiff and more from his pipe, the village idlers caught sight of the word "money." This started gossip and speculation. They looked at one another.

What could it all mean? They quizzed the bearer. They questioned the soldiers. They gathered in little groups as the travelers went their way, and speculated and wondered as they watched them out of sight. So on it went through town and village for the whole seventy li till nightfall, until the weary brearer dropped his heavy load within the gate of the farmhouse chapel.

We of other lands little appreciate how the wildest of rumors will spring up overnight among such folk. The story soon became current that these boxes were filled with Mexican dollars with which to build a church; but this word did not reach the foreigner's ears. He was engrossed in his work. (However, Mr. Kennedy did recall later that more than the usual number of strangers had been about the school after the arrival of his supplies.) One does not think it strange in China to see curious groups of people standing about. The Chinese are accustomed to look into things very familiarly; they like to examine the foreigner's clothing; to see how it is fastened on; to know if a woman's hair is tight on her head; to see what kind of clothes the baby wears, etc. Mr. Kennedy did know, of course, that people had been examining his belongings, and peering into his boxes, but being aware that they contained nothing of any interest or value to anyone outside of the people in the building, he was little concerned.

The school season had been passing rapidly, and it was now within ten days of the time set for closing. Enthusiasm had been growing. Believers were quickened; some had been saved, and others had been very wonderfully healed. Opium smokers who had come for deliverance had been set free, and praise and thanksgiving pervaded the atmosphere.

## "IN PERILS OF ROBBERS"

On the night of Wednesday, April 12th, the forty or more in the building had retired as usual. As Mr. Kennedy sat in his room that night, occupied with the usual details that closed his day's work, he thought he heard someone stir under his bed; but thinking he must just have fancied it, retired as usual, and was soon sound asleep. Sometime after midnight he was aroused by the firing of giant firecrackers and a veritable bedlam of men's voices just outside his door. An instant later the door flew open and a band of men, estimated at from twenty to forty, rushed in upon him. (It was learned later that there actually were two men under the bed, who during the night had unlocked the doors, and let the bandits into the building.) They carried torches, and were armed, we were told, with clubs, pistols, knives and axes. The knife every hill-man carries is shaped somewhat like a Mexican machete; it has a short handle, with a heavy steel blade about sixteen inches long. These knives are used to cut the bamboo and gather the brush which the people use for firewood. A formidable weapon indeed with which to attack a man.

Blinded by the glare of their flaming torches and dazed by the heavy blows he was receiving upon his head, Mr. Kennedy raised himself upon the right elbow, and thus exposed the left shoulder and side to attack. A stroke in the forehead from the keen blade of a carpenter's axe severed the veins, blood flowing down over his face, filling and blinding the eyes. An instant more and he was out of bed, struggling to keep upon his feet, as the howling mob hustled him toward the center of the room. Strangely enough, during all this experience he supposed himself to be dreaming, until someone from behind struck him a heavy

blow on the top of the skull. This stroke felled him, and as he sank limp and helpless to the floor the realization flashed over him that this was no dream. Then everything became a blank. Meanwhile Mr. Kennedy's helper, who occupied the adjoining room, had heroically come in among the mob. Warding off their blows at the risk of his own life, he attempted to arouse the teacher. Though Mr. Kennedy could hear the faithful man calling to him, and pleading with the maddened mob to desist, he was unable to move a muscle. My husband's last recollection was of being lifted, a dead weight, upon the back of the Chinaman, who, we were told, then backed his unconscious burden into the corner of the room and stood off the mob till they disappeared.

## EVIL TIDINGS

Next morning, Thursday, before break of day a messenger set out for Shanghai to bear the tidings. The forty men and boys who were in the school had fled pell-mell leaving behind everything except what they had upon their persons. The native Christians remembered the atrocities of the Boxers of five years before, and wondered whether another uprising might be upon them. Some were declaring that the men wore the insignia of some secret society. Rumors were afloat, and consternation held the entire country-side in its grip.

For some months I had had a premonition that we were soon to return to America. Nobusan, my Japanese nursemaid who was an earnest Christian, had the same feeling, and we sometimes talked of it in a speculative way and wondered what could possibly happen that would take me back home before furlough. I seemed impelled to hasten with my sewing, and had once caught myself saying, "These clothes will not do for steamer wear."

## "WHAT SHALL I DO?"

It was Saturday afternoon. I was putting away the little garments now all finished, when Nobusan came to me with the word that my teacher wanted to see me. "I tink someting awful happen," she said. As I went to meet him, he came hurriedly toward me, his face ashen gray, and his eyes bloodshot with terror, saying in English, "Mr. Kennedy has been attacked by robbers! His head has been chopped open with an ax, and the 'stuff' is running out!" I asked him to repeat in Chinese what he had said. I could not comprehend at first that such a thing could have happened, but after talking with the messenger myself I knew that Mr. Kennedy had met with some great calamity. "What shall I do?" I questioned. "Go to the American consul."

I summoned rickshaws though I knew I had no money to pay for them. Our remittance from the organization which was supporting us had failed to come and I had only a few cents. On reaching the consulate we were informed by an official that the consul was out and that we could not see him before seven that night. My perplexities were increasing. If help were not sent at four o'clock, there would be a delay of twenty-four hours. The clerk on hearing our story was most kind and attentive. "Can I do anything for you?" he asked. Then I who had never before known what it meant to be without money, told him that the last mail had failed to bring our expected remittance, and that we were without funds. He very kindly loaned me the money I needed. With this the rickshaw men were paid; supplies were purchased and I was able to send our cook that same afternoon with a few things hastily gotten together in the hope that he would be able to reach Mr. Kennedy and care for him.

## AT THE CONSULATE

Three hours later a big red automobile pulled up at our door. The American consul called and investigations were under way. Summoned to the consulate the next morning, I was questioned as I entered the door, "How much do you want?"

"Want for what?" said I. "How much do you want to settle?" "Oh," I replied, without a moment's hesitation, "we have come to China to preach the Gospel, and if need be to give up our lives. I want nothing." They urged upon me to ask indemnity, but the thought of compensation was not in my mind: If my husband were dead, he was with the Lord. If he were alive, God would take care of us.

The matter fell under the jurisdiction of the vice-consul stationed at Hangchow who fortunately was in Shanghai at this time. He informed me that he was planning to go to Mr. Kennedy's assistance at once, adding, however, that thus far he had been unable to secure a boat. I went home, and sent men out to find a boat. Back and forth I went to the consulate four times that day in the pouring rain, always getting that same word, "The boats are all taken." At two-thirty, an hour and a half before the boats were to leave, I went home to care for the baby. While there Nohusan and I went to our knees and took a boat by faith. Within thirty minutes one of the men returned saying a boat had been secured. Praising God for this answer to prayer, I informed the vice-consul at once, then went to the jetty and remained there till he and his party were off. It seemed advisable to send certain of our Chinese men with him. All was uncertainty. No one knew what had happened. Was it another Boxer uprising? Were the Christians again in danger? Such questions were upon everyone's lips; and it

was expecting much to ask the Chinese to join this party, and thus possibly jeopardize their lives.

## DEEPENING DARKNESS

On Sunday evening the interpreter from the consulate called. He was a dear fatherly old gentleman, a physician, and a man of long experience among the Chinese. Putting his hand upon my shoulder, he said, "I am so sorry for you. Even allowing for all Chinese exaggeration, your husband cannot be living."

My heart was crushed. My head was bowed. What did all this mean? We had prayed that our ministry might be in the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit, and God had so graciously answered. Souls had been saved and blessed, and the sick healed. How could such disaster follow so closely upon answered prayer? Why should the work be cut off in this way? I felt that we had failed God, or sinned, and that His face was hidden from us. The ninety-first Psalm, which was our household Psalm, promised us "There shall no evil befall thee." Evidently we were not making "the Most High" our "habitation;" but where we had failed I did not know. We had much to learn, as time has proven, about "dwelling in the secret place of the Most High." In anguish of soul I went about scarcely daring to raise my head, always questioning, "Why? Why?"

## "COMFORTED OF GOD"

On Monday while occupied with my daily work I heard the still small voice, "Lo, I am with you alway." I stopped and stood still. God had spoken. But so stunned was my heart that I could not recall the connection in which these familiar words were spoken. Turning to the concordance I found the passage: "Go ye therefore and teach all na-

tions . . . . and, lo, I am with you alway." "O Lord," I said, "that is what we have done. We have gone out to preach the Gospel to the ends of the earth, and though we may not have done it very well, we have done the best we could." From that moment my burden was gone. God was with us—O wonderful thought! It filled my heart with joy. After that it seemed to me that nothing else mattered. Supposing that Mr. Kennedy were dead, supposing he were worse than dead—God was with us!

## INDEMNITY?

Some days later, when the news of our trouble became more generally known to the public. one of our Chinese Christians came to me and told me that posters written in Chinese had been put up in conspicuous places all over town, stating that Mrs. Kennedy was going to ask large indemnity. He even fell at my feet and implored me not to do so. He said it would make the over-taxed people still more heavily burdened. "But," he added, "I told them you were a real Christian, and that you would not ask for money." This, coming from a Chinese who had been a convert but a short time, rather startled me. This expression of the mind and hope of our little band of Christians was a source of strength, and a confirmation to my stand at the consulate. Letters, too, were coming from the foreign community at this time, urging me to ask for indemnity, but the answer I had given the consul—the first impulse of my heart—remained unchanged. The decision had been made, and I thanked God that he had kept me true to my convictions.

## A FRIEND IN NEED

One by one the days passed, but no word reached us. We were in such sore need of money. I wanted to send a cable to America

but could not. One night, much disheartened, Nobusan and I sat talking. That day I had gone to the bank to borrow money. For two hours I had stood in the corridor waiting for an opportunity to speak to the manager. I had tried to get a loan on our furniture—had offered to strip the house of all furniture except the beds; but all in vain. It had not once occurred to me to ask help of our friends. Nobusan said she thought I should write to our Japanese friends for money. I said to her, "No, the Lord will make money rain from heaven before He will see us suffer." About nine o'clock the door bell rang. At the entrance stood Mr. Edward Evans of the Missionary Home, a gentleman whom I knew but slightly. He had called, he said, to ask if the account in that day's paper referred to my husband, or to another Mr. Kennedy. God sent this man to me. He knelt and prayed. It seemed to me the heavens were opened. He proved to be a friend in need. He went with me to the bank, and to the cable office and helped me in every way.

Within a few days a letter came from Japan containing twenty-five dollars. The sender wrote that she was definitely told by the Lord: "Send the Kennedys twenty-five dollars at once." Later, in a second letter, she said: "Now I know why I sent that money. I have just read in the Kobe paper of Mr. Kennedy's injury and death." The children of Israel "spake against God; they said, can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" He can.

## SUMMONED TO HANGCHOW

On Thursday, nine days after Mr. Kennedy's injury, I was again summoned to the consulate, and there directed to be ready at four o'clock to go to my husband who, I was informed, was alive and had been taken to the home

of Dr. D. Duncan Main of Hangchow. It was then after three, and I was over a mile from home. A telegram had to be sent to friends in Hangchow, and supplies for the journey must be ordered. Calling a rickshaw I hurried to the compradore's. where I ordered supplies, asking that they be delivered at once. Then hurrying home, I bade my house-boy go at once to a neighbor and borrow all her servants. A request was sent to an English woman who lived near by to come and help me pack. Quickly I pulled the bedding off, threw it to the Chinese "boys" who rolled it up and, placing it on wheelbarrows, hurried it to the boat-landing a mile or more away. Taking my clothes from the clothes-press, I passed them to my English friend who rapidly but neatly packed them into my trunk. Then another boy hurried with that to the boat. Our party—three small children, the Japanese nurse and myself—were at the landing on time. God had surely helped us, for we had with us food, water, cooking utensils and other supplies for a twenty-four hours' journey, and also bedding and clothing for an indefinite period. The traveler in China in those days had to take with him all these necessities.

## THE JOURNEY

We traveled to Hangchow by steam launch, to which were attached two houseboats. In the first one was our escort, which consisted of three American gentlemen. Our party was in the other houseboat. All that night it continued to rain. We did not once remove any of our clothing, not even our wraps, as the boat was so cold and damp. On reaching Hangchow our boats were loosed, and left standing by the canal bank. In the gathering darkness and driving rain we waited. I stood on the top of the boat and called

for a boatman. But none appeared. After some time a boatman leisurely came up and motioned to us to get into his boat. Baggage and passengers were transferred, and we were again on our way. This boat was necessarily smaller, as we were to make our way through the native city passing under low-arched bridges. After rowing for about an hour our boatman drew his craft to the canal bank and silently left us. We waited and waited, but he did not return. It was dark now and the rain still fell mercilessly. Again I called and called for a boatman. After what seemed the longest time, we could see in the darkness a boat coming our way. It was such a little thing, with only a thatch covering; but we crowded into it, baggage, escort, babies, nurse-maid, myself, and all. Finally we reached Pagoda Hill, where our escort left us, going directly to the consulate. That was the last we saw of them.

We waited on alone. Finally out of the darkness came a shout from the top of the hill: "How many 'bearers' does the foreign woman want?" The "foreign woman" inwardly thanked God that she could understand Chinese, and called back up the hill that she had three loads of baggage. Then another voice called from the hill-top, "How many sedan chairs does the foreign woman want?" The foreign woman wanted three sedan chairs. Then, entrusting my baggage to coolies, I started up the hill with my three babies and nurse-maid. After much parleying, and repeated directions, our little caravan was finally arranged. The bearers with the baggage went ahead. I followed in the first sedan chair with the baby; in the second was my little four-year-old boy; and in the third, Nobusan with my two-year-old daughter.

## TRAVELING BY SEDAN

On we went through the rain and the darkness, the water and mud splashing as the men hurried along. Our chair bearers were larger men than we were accustomed to see in Shanghai, and they spoke in such loud voices. It is a custom among these bearers, as they travel along, to call to each other. The first bearer calls out to the people in front to get out of the way, the second answers, and each one in turn calls to the one following him. As these men called out in their wild, gutteral tones, the sound echoed and re-echoed through the narrow streets. Presently above the noise of splashing water and falling rain, above the din of shrieking coolies, I heard the shrill voice of my little son screaming in terror from his sedan. I knew he was frightened, riding alone, and not seeing mother. I called to the bearer ahead to stop. I called again and again, but to no avail. Finally, with the aid of my umbrella I secured his attention. He stopped angrily. I apologized, and told him that the little foreign boy was afraid. So we all stopped while I called to the little lad that he must not be afraid for mother with the baby was in the first sedan, and Nobusan was behind him with sister. But he was inconsolable. So I told him I would hold my hand outside the window of my chair all the time, and when there was a flash of lightning or a light of any kind, he would see mother's hand, and would know that all was well. With this he was satisfied. Again we took up our journey and were soon among friends.

Taking my older boy with me, I went at once to my husband. I found him conscious and free from pain. At five o'clock the next morning, however, the Chinese attendant came for us, saying that Mr. Kennedy was

dying, and wanted to see his children. He had had a very bad night.

## LEARNING THE DETAILS

From the Chinese who had been with my husband I now learned for the first time the details of what had actually taken place in the hills. The lapse of consciousness had continued from Wednesday at midnight until twilight of Saturday evening. Then the mind began slowly to work and the memory to return. The farmhouse had been looted. Everything that Mr. Kennedy had with him had been stolen—his clothing, bedding, books—even his Bible. (The loss of the Bible which he had carried throughout college and seminary days was keenly felt by him, but the Book was afterward found lying on a hillside and returned to us.) The only article of clothing left to him was the blood-soaked coat of his pajamas. In their search for money the robbers took everything. Not finding the coveted cash in the loot, they burned such things as were of no value to them for fear of being discovered with foreign articles in their possession. In the embers of the fire were found the buttons of his clothes.

Every particle of the bedding and clothing of the forty people had been carried off, with the exception of one foul smelling quilt with which they covered my husband. Ten men and boys, some of them but a short time before "heathen," had knelt about a pallet of straw and the old foul quilt covering an all but lifeless body and prayed. They prayed again. Nor would they be denied. A third time they prayed, and continued to pray until the severed arteries ceased to flow. Three days passed during which they hoped on, prayed on still, that the body from which all apparent life and warmth had gone, might live again.

## "DELIVERED FROM SO GREAT A DEATH"

The news had gone over the mountain that "Kae Sin-sang was alive—come back to life again!" Past midnight on the morning of the fourth day one of the ten who had stayed to pray burst into the room where Mr. Kennedy was. After fighting with his doubts all this time he had got the news at last that his prayers were answered. Beside himself with joy, he wanted all the world (even the semi-conscious man before him) to know that after three days their foreign teacher, like Jesus, had been raised to life. Be that as it may, with the first light of morning the scattered flock began to gather, and before time for service—for it was Sunday, "worship day"—everybody and everybody's friends came streaming from all conceivable directions. Even the magistrate and his secretary came. They with the lowliest went to the house of prayer and knelt and prayed — as non-Christians do — to "heaven" that the foreign teacher might not die.

## HELP AT LAST

Before daybreak on Tuesday, the seventh day, the vice consul under escort of soldiers had arrived after an all-night's march. With him came a native physician from the staff of Dr. D. Duncan Main of the Church Missionary Society. He did the little that could be done to cleanse and dress the wounds, which up to that time had received no attention whatsoever. Then he dressed Mr. Kennedy in the clothing I had sent by the cook. There were nine wounds on the head, the skull being fractured in four places. As putrifaction had already set in they hurried Mr. Kennedy by litter and boat to Hangchow where they arrived on Wednesday. Here his wounds were

properly dressed and cared for by the skillful hands of Dr. Main. I recognized in the doctor a man of the highest professional standing, whose diagnosis would be the last word among physicians. So when he told me on the night of my arrival at his home (the tenth day after the injury) that in all human probability concussion of the brain would set in that night, I was ready to accept the verdict unquestioningly, and to await the inevitable. There was no spirit left in me. Someone was praying. Concussion did not set in.

## LESSONS IN NURSING

When the doctor removed the bandages from Mr. Kennedy's head, and I saw for the first time the deep gaping wounds in their swollen, putrified condition, I was horrified. Some of them lay open—as it seemed to me—an inch in depth. The whole head looked like a mass of raw liver. The cut in the forehead appeared to be about three inches long, and lay open deep and wide. I supposed as I watched the doctor dress the wounds that, of course, my husband would be disfigured for life. But God has mercifully undertaken, and today only a few scars remain to tell the tale of "our trouble which came to us in Asia."

During the eight days we remained in Dr. Main's home he taught me to dress the wounds. No stitches were taken, nor were any remedies used except the customary disinfectants. Eighteen pieces of bone gradually sloughed off from the skull wounds. A large abscess had formed on the back of the head, and numerous smaller ones. The left arm (to quote the doctor's exact words) had been pounded to pulp, and the marks of the ribs were imprinted on the inside of the arm. The left wrist had been shot twice with a pistol, loaded evidently with slugs or gravel. The right forearm had been burned

in the flames of their torches. The twenty or more cuts on the body were of a minor nature as the blows had been aimed at the head with evident intent to kill.

## BELATED HELP

A missionary who was stationed near the locality, returning two years later on furlough, came purposely to see us. He told us that, as soon as the news that a missionary had been injured near by reached his station, he had hurried to the farmhouse, but the place was deserted. He had arrived too late to be of any service. Had the news reached him in time, he could have been at Mr. Kennedy's side within a few hours. He found the wall of the room painted red with the blood that had gushed from the severed arteries as Mr. Kennedy lay unconscious on his rescuer's back.

We were told while in Hangchow that seven men had actually been beheaded for the crime. This was a shock to us. Upon our expressing regret to the vice consul that life should have been taken, he explained that the matter was beyond his jurisdiction, and that punishment had been meted out in accordance with Chinese law and custom Whether the guilty were apprehended, or whether the innocent suffered for the guilty no one can say.

## IN APPRECIATION

Doctor and Mrs. Main had given us out of their busy lives by night and day of their time and skill, and all without thought of any return we could make. On leaving the hospitable roof which had sheltered us in our extremity, and in bidding good-bye to these friends, we who had come to them as strangers, we who had no claim whatsoever upon their generosity or sympathy, we who had partaken of their open-handed and princely hospitality, felt a gratitude deeper than words express. While

saying this, we are not unmindful of the sympathy and unstinted kindness of other friends whose opportunity of serving us may have been less.

## BACK IN SHANGHAI

We returned to Shanghai the last days of April, and we sailed for the United States June twenty-sixth. The interim was a time of many perplexities. Mr. Kennedy had been absent from the mission for some months, and there were details of business needing attention. There were reports to be written home, and there was the local chapel and church to be pastored, besides the usual routine of mission work. In all these matters he shared the responsibility, taking the Sunday services in the church on two occasions. Depressing as the outlook was from some angles, yet the fact that he was beginning to assume responsibility raised the hope of our remaining on the field. Mr. Kennedy grasped at the possibility that, with the coming of autumn, he could return to his work in the hills. Would it be faith to go home now, since the Lord had been so graciously answering prayer? Why should we not stay on, and trust the Lord for strength to work? But we were already well on into the heat of another summer in China, and however much we may have desired to remain, as one day after another passed, we seemed more and more impelled to the decision that we were to return to America at once. This decided, the question arose, what were we to do with our furniture! If we had had only our own furniture to consider, it would have been a simple matter. But the furniture of three families who were on furlough was stored in our house. One room was filled from floor to ceiling, and every room had more than its quota. I went to the Lord for

guidance, and as I prayed it occured to me to rent the house furnished. I said, "Lord, if this plan is from You, send someone to rent the house in that way." A few hours later a neighbor came in to ask if she could rent the house furnished just as it was. Thus again the Lord had provided. Praise be to His name!

## HOMEWARD BOUND

We were fortunate, at that season of the year, to secure passage without delay. Passage ordinarily must be booked months ahead. Friends very kindly came to our aid, and preparations for the home-going were hurried to the finish. We went aboard our steamer—the "Minnesota"—in due time. When about two days out at sea the word was officially passed to the passengers that we were to go into dry dock at Nagasaki, Japan. Rumors, of course, of all sorts were afloat as to the reason for it, but later the fact became known that the post that held the rudder was cracked below the water line. Friends in America, knowing that we were on that vessel, told me later that they read in the daily papers that the Minnesota had gone into dry dock just in time, as "in two days more the Minnesota would have been at sea without a rudder."

## IN DRY DOCK

Arrived at Nagasaki, we, along with the other passengers, were prepared to go ashore. The long swinging stairs of the steamer had been lowered; our luggage had already been transferred. We had descended cautiously and were waiting our turn to go aboard the little tender standing by, when a strange thing happened. The officers were in haste to get the ship into dry dock before the tide came in, and the big vessel under mistaken orders, started under way. The passengers who were already on the tender were horrified to see a sailor on the

point of pitching my little boy aboard the tender (a distance of several feet). With the Minnesota beginning to move in the opposite direction, thus widening the chasm between the boats every instant—the steps swinging from side to side—the child, had he been tossed, could not but have fallen into the water. Now, how that sailor held on to the boy when the child seemed to have already left his hands, I cannot tell, only that the Almighty God had mercy on us. There is no other explanation. Thoroughly alarmed officers hastened down the perilous stairway and helped us back to the deck and safety.

While the big vessel shifted her position, all around was confusion—whistles blowing, bells clanging, officers calling out orders. As we sat on the deck throughout it all, we were a family that sat in the presence of God. We knew that although the enemy might rage, "He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps." When the word came again to go ashore, the ship was safely in dry dock. The water had been pumped from the huge basin, and on either side we could see steps descending to the very bottom. Long planks had been placed from the deck to the opposite wall of the dock. Walk across them at that dizzy height with our children and our sick, we could not. So we did the next best thing: we took our babies in our arms and slid down the planks.

Once more on terra firma we hailed a sampan and were rowed across the bay to the Nagasaki Hotel where rooms had been reserved for the passengers. A few hours later, in walking about the hotel we learned that some had been left without suitable accomodations. Appreciating the dilemma of the ship's officers, and the discomfiture of the passengers, we at once offered to surrender one of our rooms. The offer was very

graciously accepted by our captain. Though put to considerable inconvenience, we were glad to do this, never imagining that there was to be a sequel to this incident. But there was a sequel.

## YOKOHAMA TO SEATTLE

When we were booking our passage, we were assigned two state-rooms adjoining with the understanding that the one must be relinquished at Yokohama, as it was already engaged from that port. Baron Komura and his party were to board our ship there en route to the United States, and every cabin would be needed. Before we reached Nagasaki, I had approached the purser with the request that he would, at Yokohama, assign to Mr. Kennedy a state-room as close to mine as possible; I urged that my husband was unable to care for himself; that my children were too little to be left alone; and, furthermore, that my Japanese nurse was to leave me there. This officer in reply informed me that Mr. Kennedy had already been assigned a state-room some distance from mine with another passenger. In spite of my explanation that I could not go to another man's room to dress my husband, and that room some distance away, he was immovable. The arrangement he had made seemed final.

But when we again approached him on the subject as the great vessel was steaming out to sea from Yokohama, amid fireworks and firing of cannon and music of Japanese bands and shouts of "banzai" in honor of Baron Komura and his party, he replied courteously that we were to keep the two staterooms that we already had. I was surprised at his answer and wondered what could have caused him to reverse his decision. I thanked him for his kindness and praised our Father who had made it possible for us to return to

America in such comfort. It was not till long afterwards that I associated the incident in the hotel with the purser's graciousness in granting Mr. Kennedy the sole use of a splendid cabin all the way across the Pacific. In due time we reached Seattle. Friends were waiting for us at the pier. Passing the customs and arranging for transportation occupied our day ashore. Evening found us aboard train. We proceeded on our way to Chicago, where we arrived at midnight, July 24th.

## AFTERWARD

In the interval between then and now many lessons have been learned. For ten long years Mr. Kennedy was unable to return to the ministry, nor could he do much work of any kind. Years they were of testing and trial, years when "the wormwood and the gall" were very real. If we drank the "water of affliction" on the mission field, we as truly ate the "bread of adversity" at home. The victory and triumph and strength and brave heart that had been mine were gone. Fellowship with the Lord was broken.

## IN THE WILDERNESS

Continuous trial and defeat turned my eyes away from God. I said, "Lord, I had promised to go a ll the way with Thee, but I cannot go further; Thou art requiring too much; Thy way is too hard." But my heart had no rest night nor day. Like the children of Israel, when they would not "hearken unto the voice of the Lord their God," He gave me "a trembling heart" and "sorrow of mind"; and, not knowing that I was using the very words of Scripture, again and again I, like them, said in the morning, "Would God it were even!" and in the evening "Would God it were morning!" In my anguish I cried to God to show me again the power of the cross, and with my "whole heart returned

to the Lord," and "sought him with all my heart and soul." I waited upon Him in praise and worship. Out of the darkness came light; out of defeat came victory; out of sorrow came joy, such as I had never known; for in answer to that great heart cry God had "strengthened me with might by His Spirit in the inner man," that Christ might dwell in my heart by faith; that I might be "able to comprehend with all saints the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

## BACK TO CHINA

My husband, gradually gaining strength and confidence, finally found himself once more able for the work of the Lord; and since then by His grace we have toiled together, giving help to needy souls. And now, after all these years, he has again set his face Chinaward. This decision has not been reached on an impulse, for with the return to the ministry has come the old irresistible urging to the mission field, and the work to which his life was long ago dedicated. I have always hoped that he would sometime return to bear the "testimony of Jesus" to those among whom we had once labored. It has seemed to be their due. Shortly after our arrival in America we received a petition, signed by eight hundred and forty-three names, asking that Mr. Kennedy return to China at once. But this was out of the question. He must await returning health, much as he longed to be back again amid the stirring scenes of missionary life in the hills of Chekiang.

At the time we sailed away from China I stood on the deck of our giant steamer and watched the receding shore until the last line of land had disappeared in the distance. I watched till the last Chinese junk, with its big brown sails, was lost to view and we were no longer in Chinese waters. It seemed to me

that our work was unfinished in the land we were leaving behind, and that sometime we would see those shores again. Mr. Kennedy's one and only thought during all this interim has been to return to China to complete the unfinished task and to finish the testimony that was not given. Whenever we have come to the parting of the ways, and have been uncertain of our bearings, the index finger on the signboard has ever pointed overseas; and now, at last, the way seems to be opening, and the desire of years nearing fulfillment.

## IN RETROSPECT

As we look back over the years, review the dealings of our God with us, and catch a glimpse of His evident purposes and plans, we find the past summed up in the words of Moses to God's ancient people: "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep His commandments or no." "O, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

And in this crisis hour, as we, with chastened hearts, look forward into the future, we rest in the unchanging faithfulness of Him who is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." "Unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

Chicago, Illinois,
April 12, 1922

## BACK TO CHINA IN 1922
## AN ANNOUNCEMENT

In heeding the call to RETURN TO THE MISSION FIELD we have been thrown back upon the Lord and His Word in a very real sense. Our passage for Shanghai, China, has been booked on the steamship "Nanking," sailing from San Francisco, September 14, 1922. We have foreseen that we cannot fulfill our mission overseas apart from the fellowship of the Lord's Body—those who have hearkened to the call to intercession for world-evangelization. We are claiming the promise, "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten." Circumstances necessitate leaving the family in America and going out alone.

We have, therefore, from the very first been praying the Lord of the Harvest that He would give us "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think" of those whom He could make "of one heart and soul" with us as we go on to the field. We are expecting Him to join to us such as will be able to discern in the Spirit the needs of China, and such as will rejoice to share the prayer-burdens and tests and triumphs of whatever He is sending us to do among China's millions. That "they shall part alike" is the promise held out to him that "tarrieth by the stuff" equally with him that "goeth down to the battle."

The METHOD OF THE WORLD'S EVANGELIZATION has been forever settled in the words, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." Men are to go out to the great needy harvest fields in answer to prayer. Is there any question that the mission fields everywhere are suffering loss for lack of "laborers" who have been prayed out? The "call to the foreign field" is not confined merely to the person who

crosses the seas. It is a call to everyone to reach the world fields by way of the throne of God. It is a call to everyone to share the soul-travail, the prayer-warfare and personal ministry of the one who is actually in "the uttermost part of the earth."

There is a CRISIS IN THE OLD MISSION FIELDS. The "Word of the Cross" is being assailed before the eyes of the native church. The deity, the virgin birth of Christ, and His atoning sacrifice for sin are being called in question. The miraculous and supernatural are being discredited. The personality of the Holy Spirit is being denied. Is it not the time for persevering determined prayer for such an outpouring of the Spirit on the native church as the mission fields have never known? Nothing but the Holy Spirit can make Jesus a reality in a human soul. Nothing but His coming in gracious fullness can avert impending calamity, and bring the remedy that earnest souls in all the lands are seeking.

This is the DAY OF OPPORTUNITY IN MISSION FIELDS. The great nations have covenanted together for a ten year's truce upon the high seas. The ocean highways are open to the messenger of the Cross in this lull in world-conflict. Opportunity will not always knock at our door; for a great warning voice will one day be heard declaring "The hour of His judgment is come." Verily, "the night cometh, when no man can work." Meanwhile, we are rejoicing in the privilege of going in person to mid-China in the name of Him "that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth." It is needless to add that we covet the prayers of any "whose heart the Lord may open" as they read this little booklet. "Ye also helping together by prayer for us."

—EDWARD B. KENNEDY.